

X-MEN

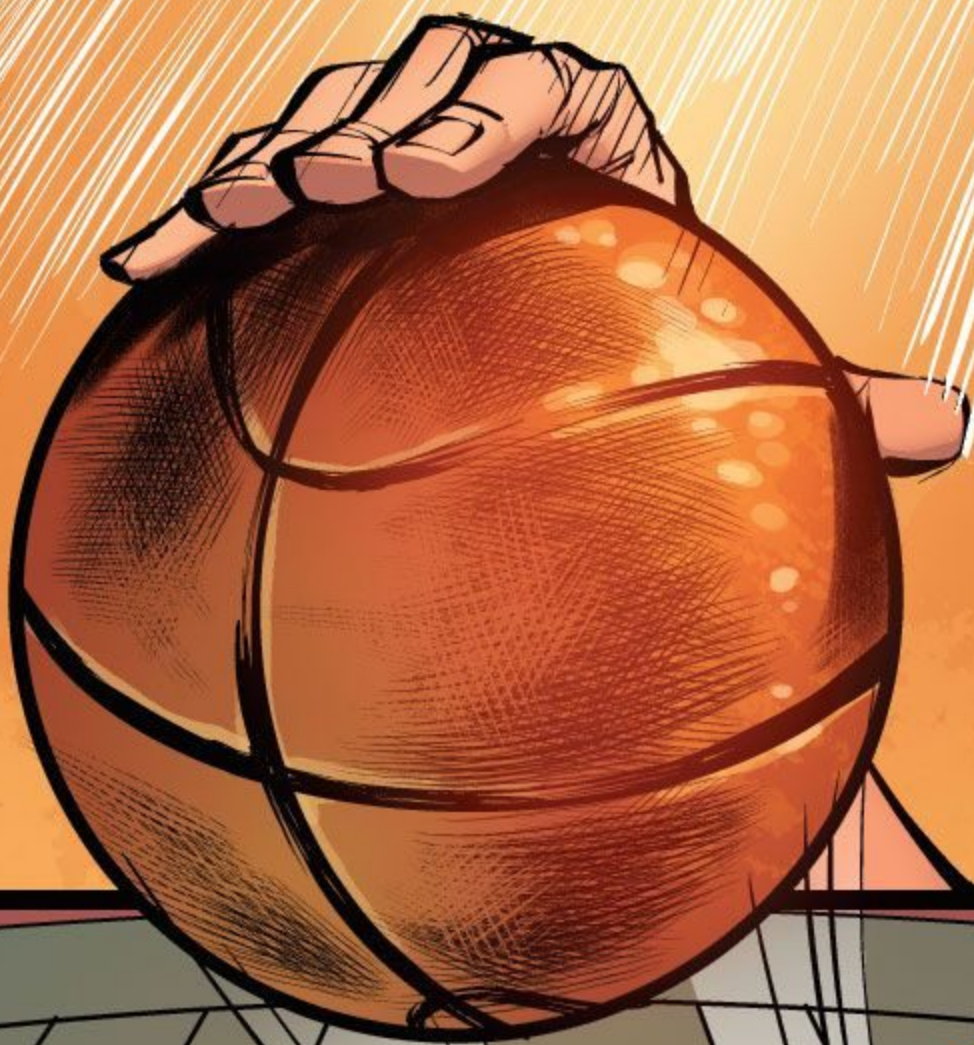
FROM THE ASHES

#17

“PYGMALION”

Part 3

X-MEN HQ.



THE
BALL? FOR
ME?

WHY,
MR. SUMMERS,
IT ISN'T EVEN MY
BIRTHDAY!

NNFFF!

REF! HOW
IS THAT NOT
A FOUL?!



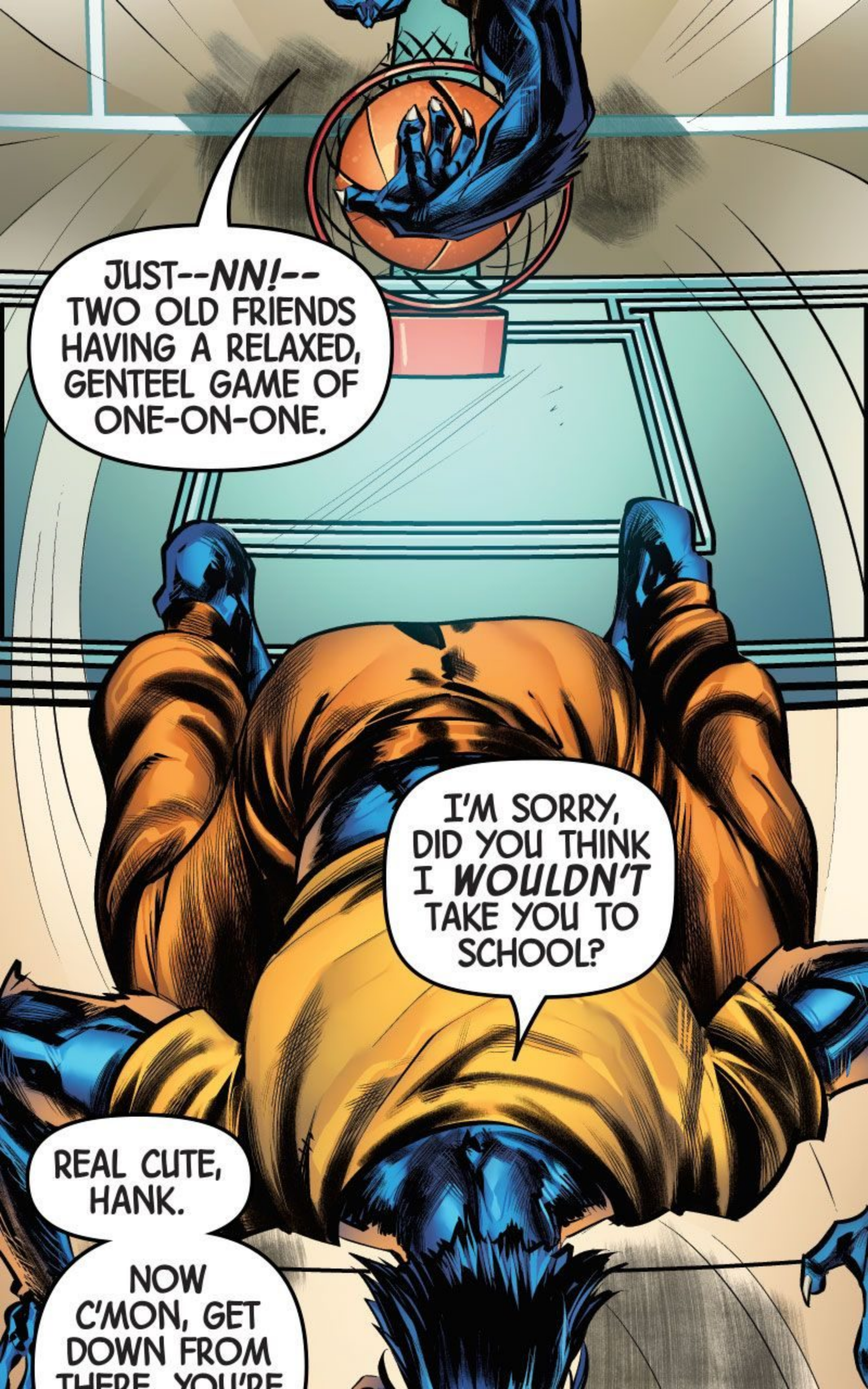


AIN'T
NOBODY
HERE BUT US
CHICKENS,
SLIM!

BESIDES...

...YOU
WANTED THIS,
REMEMBER?!





JUST--*NN!*--
TWO OLD FRIENDS
HAVING A RELAXED,
GENTEEL GAME OF
ONE-ON-ONE.

I'M SORRY,
DID YOU THINK
I *WOULDN'T*
TAKE YOU TO
SCHOOL?

REAL CUTE,
HANK.

NOW
C'MON, GET
DOWN FROM
THERE YOU'DE



THERE. YOU'RE
MAKING ME
DIZZY.

HOW'S
OUR NEW
GUEST
SETTLING
IN?

WELL! I
THINK THEY'LL MAKE
A GREAT ADDITION TO
THE TEAM IF THEY CAN
GET THEIR MIMICRY
UNDER CONTROL.

LET'S NOT
GET AHEAD OF
OURSELVES.

AND ANYWAY,
SINCE WHEN DO
YOU OF ALL PEOPLE
THROW CAUTION TO
THE WIND?

LIKE *YOU*
DID WHEN YOU
ABANDONED YOUR
WIFE AND CHILD THE
MOMENT YOU HEARD
JEAN WAS BACK
AMONG THE
LIVING?



...

HANK, THAT
IS *WILDLY* OUT OF
LINE. I...





SCOTT...

A comic book panel set in a futuristic hallway. In the background, a character with blue fur and a white lab coat (Wolverine) stands with a determined expression. In the foreground, Cyclops is on the left, looking distressed with his hands on his head. On the right, a close-up of another blue-furred character (Wolverine) shows a menacing, toothy grin. The hallway has metallic walls and a tiled floor.

SCOTT, I'M SORRY, BUT
THERE HAVE BEEN SOME
DEVELOPMENTS.

THAT'S NOT
ME. IT'S *THEM*...
BLANKSLATE.

...

UHHH...
I THOUGHT THEY
ONLY TOOK ON
THE APPEARANCE AND



PERSONALITY OF THE
PERSON THEY WERE
PHYSICALLY
CLOSEST TO.

RUH-ROH,
RAGGY.



THAT IS
EVIDENTLY NO
LONGER THE
CASE.

NOW, IF
YOU'LL EXCUSE
US...

"...OUR GUEST AND I
HAVE SOME MATTERS
TO DISCUSS."

THIS SERUM
WAS DESIGNED
FOR *ME*.

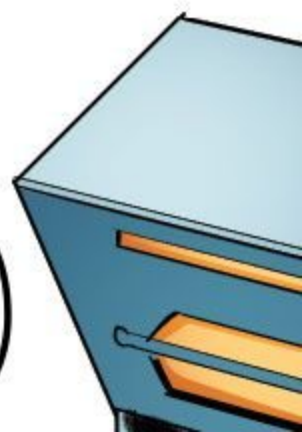
MY
METABOLISM.
MY IMMUNE
SYSTEM.

WE HAVE
NO IDEA
WHAT EFFECT IT WILL
HAVE ON YOU,
BLANKSLATE!



I JUST WANTED TO BE **STABLE**...
TO KNOW THAT MY OPINIONS...
MY **DREAMS**...ARE MY OWN AND
NOT THOSE OF WHOEVER
HAPPENS TO BE
NEARBY.

IS THAT
TOO MUCH
TO ASK?





AFTER
A LIFETIME
OF RUNNING,
I FINALLY
KNOW WHO
I AM.

I'M NOT
BLANKSLATE.

I'M DR.
HENRY PHILIP
McCOY.





**YOU ARE
NO SUCH
THING!**

**HENRY McCOY
LETS HIS FRIENDS
HAVE A COUPLE FREE
THROWS SO THEY
CAN RETAIN THEIR
*DIGNITY!***

**HENRY
McCOY DOESN'T
DELIBERATELY
PROVOKE
AFOREMENTIONED
FRIENDS!**



DO YOU
KNOW HOW HARD I
HAVE TO FIGHT TO BE
HENRY MCCOY EVERY DAMN
DAY--TO NOT SUCCUMB TO
AN ATAVISTIC URGE TO
BITE AND REND
AND...AND...?!

O-OF COURSE I
DO. I HAVE YOUR
MEMORIES.



BUT
UNLIKE
YOU, I'M NOT
ASHAMED OF
WHAT WE
ARE.



NEW YORK CITY.

YOU KNOW,
HENRY, I'M USED TO
DEALING WITH PATIENTS
WITH **EXTREMELY**
COMPLEX NEEDS, BUT
I HAVE TO ADMIT,
YOU NEVER FAIL TO
SURPRISE ME.





SO YOU'VE
SOMEHOW
MANAGED
TO ACQUIRE...A
DOPPELGANGER?
ONE WITH YOUR
MEMORIES?

A MUTANT
MIMIC WHO USED AN
EXPERIMENTAL SERUM
OF MY DESIGN TO
ESSENTIALLY FIX
THEMSELVES IN MY
IDENTITY, YES.

THERE ARE
NOW, FOR
ALL INTENTS AND
PURPOSES, TWO
OF ME.

I CAN
SEE HOW THIS WOULD
BE CHALLENGING FOR YOU.
THE SELF IS ALL WE TRULY
OWN, AFTER ALL, BUT FOR
YOU, IT'S BEEN IN PERPETUAL
FLUX SINCE YOU WERE
A TEEN.

HAVING
SOMEONE ELSE
ASSUME YOUR IDENTITY
MUST FEEL LIKE A
VIOLATION.





IT'S NOT
JUST THAT. THEY'VE
MADE THINGS DIFFICULT
FOR ME WITH MY
TEAMMATES...
MY FAMILY.

THEY'VE BEEN
INAPPROPRIATE
AT TIMES, IN BOTH
UTTERANCE AND
IN DEED.



LET ME ASK
YOU SOMETHING,

HENRY. I WANT YOU
TO BE HONEST WITH
ME, AND I WANT YOU
TO BE HONEST WITH
YOURSELF...



...DO
YOU THINK YOU
MIGHT BE A LITTLE
JEALOUS?

NO, DR.
STERMAN.

NOT IN THE
SLIGHTEST.





**THREE MILES OUTSIDE
OF MERLE, ALASKA.**

BIG RAY'S ROADHOUSE

ALL RIGHT,
PAL, I GOT NO
#\$%#@#& CLUE WHAT A
"HEMINGWAY DAIQUIRI" IS,
SO I WENT AHEAD AND MADE
YOU A DUCK FART SHOT.



L'CHAIM.

WHATEVER.



I KNOW YOU. YOU'RE ONE 'A
THEM GENE-FREAKS OUTTA
MERLE, HUH?

MMM.
AND I TRIED SO
HARD TO BLEND
IN HERE.

WHAT
GAVE ME
AWAY?



DAMN, I
THINK MY GRANDPA
HAD A STUFFED ONE
OF WHATEVER-THE-
%\$#@-YOU-ARE
IN HIS DEN.

A comic book panel set in a bar. In the foreground, a blue-skinned man with yellow eyes and a black jacket sits at a table, holding a glass and pointing his finger. Behind him, a man in a red shirt and cap stands with his arm around a blonde woman in a pink top. In the background, other patrons are visible at the bar.

LEAVE HIM
ALONE, NOAH. HE'S
NOT WORTH IT.

AN OUTRAGEOUS
CALUMNY, MADAM!
MY WORTH IS TRULY
INESTIMABLE, FOR I
KNOW THAT WHICH
YOU DO NOT...

...I
KNOW



KNOW
WHO I
AM.



SO DO I,
FUZZBALL.

YOU'RE
LEAVIN'.

I'D PREFER
TO STAY AND FINISH
MY DUCK FART SHOT, IF
IT'S ALL THE SAME TO
YOU NOAH.

YOU, NOAH.

OUTSIDE,
FREAK.
NOW.

X-MEN HQ.

YOU
REDECORATED.



YES. IT'S
MUCH MORE ME,
DON'T YOU THINK,
PSYLOCKE?

YOU **CAN**
TELL IT'S ME,
RIGHT?

OF COURSE.
YOU'RE THE **UPTIGHT**
ONE.

I DESERVE
THAT.

AND HOW
IS OUR GUEST?

IS OUR GUEST!
I FEAR I DIDN'T
COMPORT MYSELF
WELL EARLIER.





THAT'S
JUST IT, HANK.
SEE...



"...THEY'RE
NOT HERE."

K
K
K
S
S
H



FROM DUNFEE,
ILLINOIS!

MY PARENTS
ARE NORTON AND
EDNA MCCOY!

MY NICKNAME
AT COLLEGE WAS
MAGILLA GORILLA.



AAARGGH!

WE GOT
'IM DOWN!

DON'T
LET HIM
BACK UP! HE'S
NIPPY FOR





I ALREADY
TOLD YOU...



...I KNOW
WHO I
AM!!!

TO BE CONCLUDED!

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X-MEN
**FROM THE
ASHES**



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MARIKA